H.8.h.4

AYRES,

TO

SING AND PLAY TO THE LVTE AND BASSE VIOLL.

With Pauins, Galliards, Almaines, and Corantos for the Lyra *VIOLL.*

By *William Corkine.*

LONDON.
Printed by *W. Stansby* for *Iohn Browne*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint *Dunstanes* Church-yard in Fleete-streete.
1610.

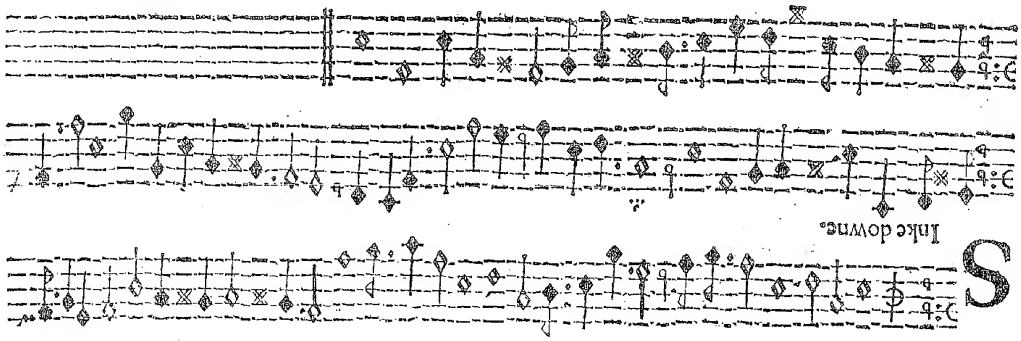
TO THE TWO HONOVRABLE KNIGHTS, SIR EDVVARD HERBERT, *OF THE NOBLE* ORDER OF THE BATH, AND SIR *WILLIAM HARDY.*

IT was long before the vſe of Notes and Tableture came in to our Engliſh Preſſe, but hauing found the way, there are few Nations yeeld more Impreſsions in that kind then ours. Euery Muſition according to his abilitie increaſing the number. Among ſo many, I haue now made one, yeelding my priuate inuentions ſubiect to publicke cenſure: To which aduenture I was drawen by two reaſons. Firſt, that I might ſhew my humble duetie, and gratefull minde to you my two Honourable Maſters, whoſe bountie beſtowed on me that knowledge (whatſoeuer it is) that I haue attain'd in Muſicke; Next for that I am aſſured, that both the worthineſſe of your Names, as alſo your loues to Muſicke, and extraordinary skils therein, either to expreſſe, or Maſterly to compoſe, will bee ſuch a protection to my deuoted labours, that I ſhall not need to feare the blacke breath of any enuious detractor. All my deſire is, that your fauourable acceptance will better them, for I ſhall eſteeme them as you receiue them. So, as my duetie requires, I will dayly pray for you both, as my bountifull Maſters, and worthieſt Patrons.

3. 45. 5. 172

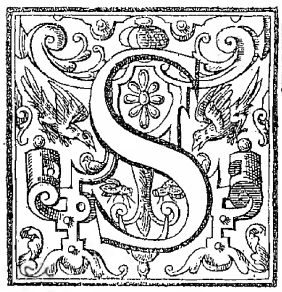
Your humble ſeruant,

William Corkine.



BASSVS.

CANTVS. I.



Inke downe proude thoughts, your mounting hopes muſt

now deſcend, come griefe and care, hence ioyes, your triumph now muſt end. Heauēs now wil

ſmile no more, my light is ſha - ded, I pine with - out re - dreſſe, my life,

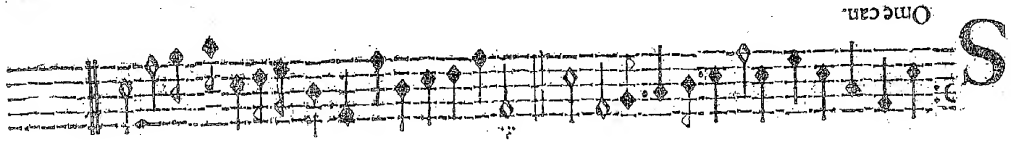
my ſpirits like flowers are fa - ded.

1

Sinke downe proud thoughts, your mounting hopes muſt now deſcend,
Come griefe and care, hence ioyes your triumph now muſt end,
Heauens now will ſmile no more my light is ſhaded,
I pine without redreſſe, my life my ſpirits like flowers are faded.

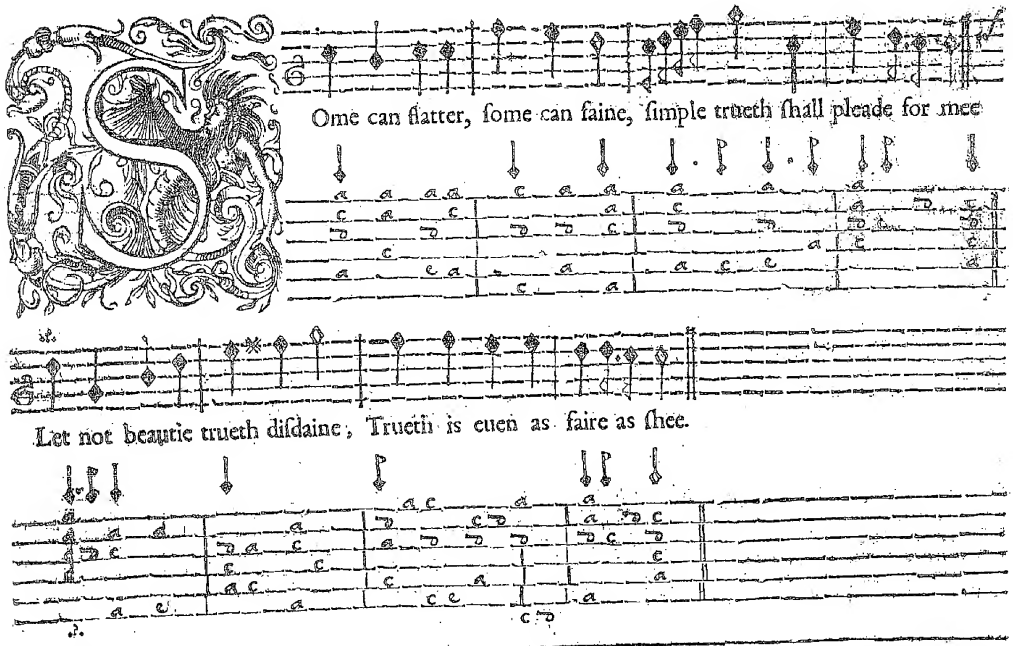
2

O time conceale my woe, in mine owne teares drowne my diſtreſſe,
Griefes none ſhould know, when none their anguiſh can redreſſe,
Pale Death hath pierſt my blood, and forth in ſtreameth,
I ſleepe, and in my trance, my head my heart of ſorrow dreameth.



BASSVS.

CANTVS. II.



2

But ſince Paires muſt equall proue,
Let my ſtrength her youth oppoſe,
Loue her beautie, faith her loue,
On eu'n termes ſo may we cloſe.

3

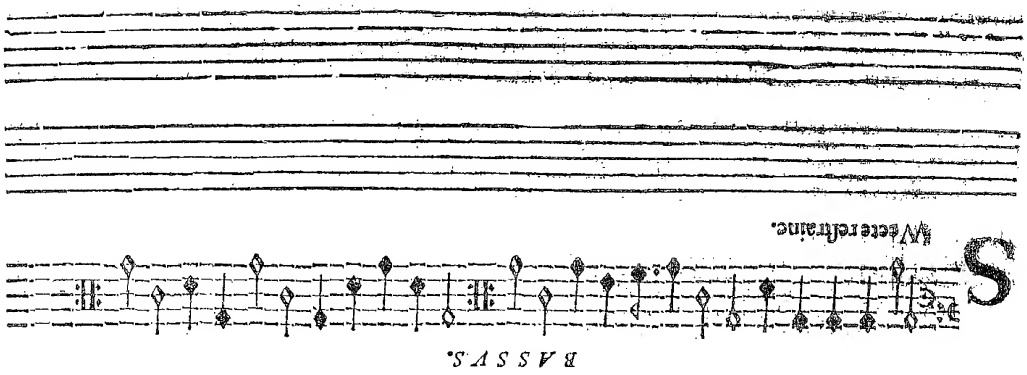
Corke or Leade, in equall waight,
Both one iuſt proportion yeeld,
So may breadth be pays'd with height,
Steepeſt mount with plaineſt field.

4

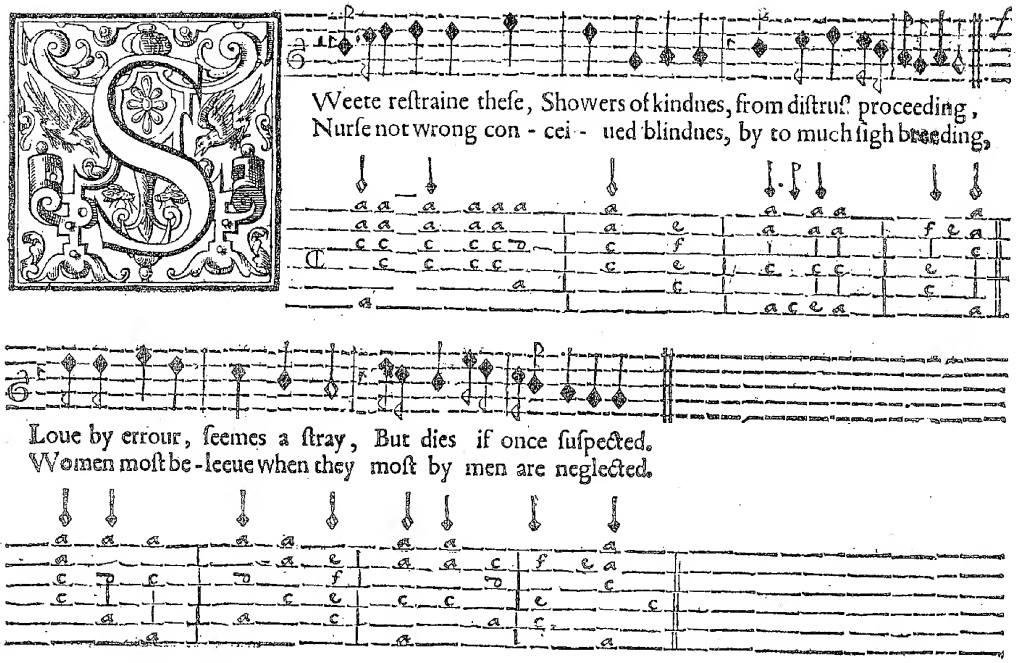
Vertues haue not all one kind,
Yet all vertues merits bee:
Diuers vertues are combind,
Diff'ring ſo Deſerts agree.

5

Let then loue and beautie meete,
Making one diuine concent,
Conſtant as the ſounds, and ſweete,
That enchant the firmament.



CANTVS. III.



1

Sweete restraine these showers of kindnesse,
From distrust proceeding,
Nurse not wrong conceiued blindnesse,
By too much sigh breeding.
Loue by errour seemes astray,
But dies if once suspected,
Women must beleeue when they,
most by men are neglected.

2

Some, forg'd flatteries onely venture,
Yet returne true fauours,
Iust affection like a Center,
Once fixt neuer wauers:
Easily as the day from night,
May womens eyes discouer,
If they frame their minds aright,
From the false the true louer.

F ſtreames of teares, Could

leſſen extreame griefe, or cauſe a minutes truce to woe, If

deepeſt ſighes, Sad plants might yeeld re - liefe, theſe ſorrowes to for - goe, Myne eyes

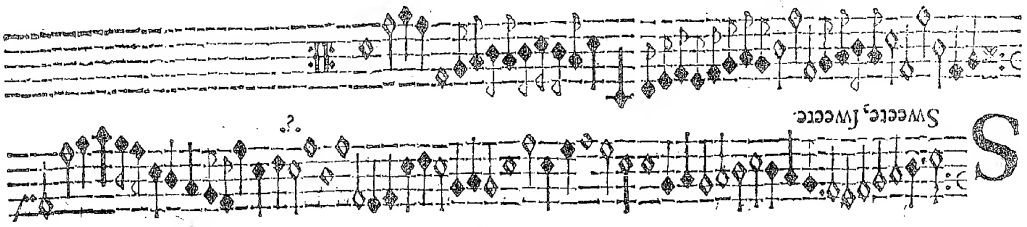
my heart, my tongue ſhould neare re - fraine to weepe, to ſigh and to com - plaine,

But ſorrowe ſuch impreſsion left, of ſight of ſpeech, it mee bereft, onely to ſigh. .ij.

BASSVS.

I
F ſtreames.

to ſigh, to ſigh, is left to mee, in this my grea - teſt mi-
ſe - rie.



CANTVS. V.

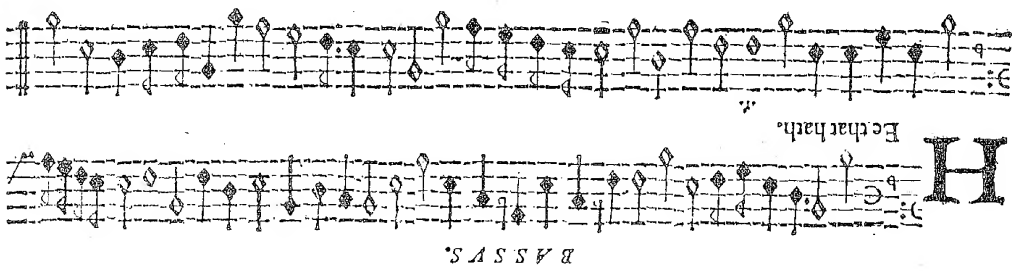
Weete ſweete .ij. Let me goe, ſweete .ij. .ij. .ij. let me goe .ij.

What doe you meane to vexe mee ſo, What doe you meane to vexe me ſo, ceaſe .ij. .ij. Your

Pleading force doe you thinke thus, To extort remorce, now, now, .ij. .ij. now no more. .ij. .ij. a-

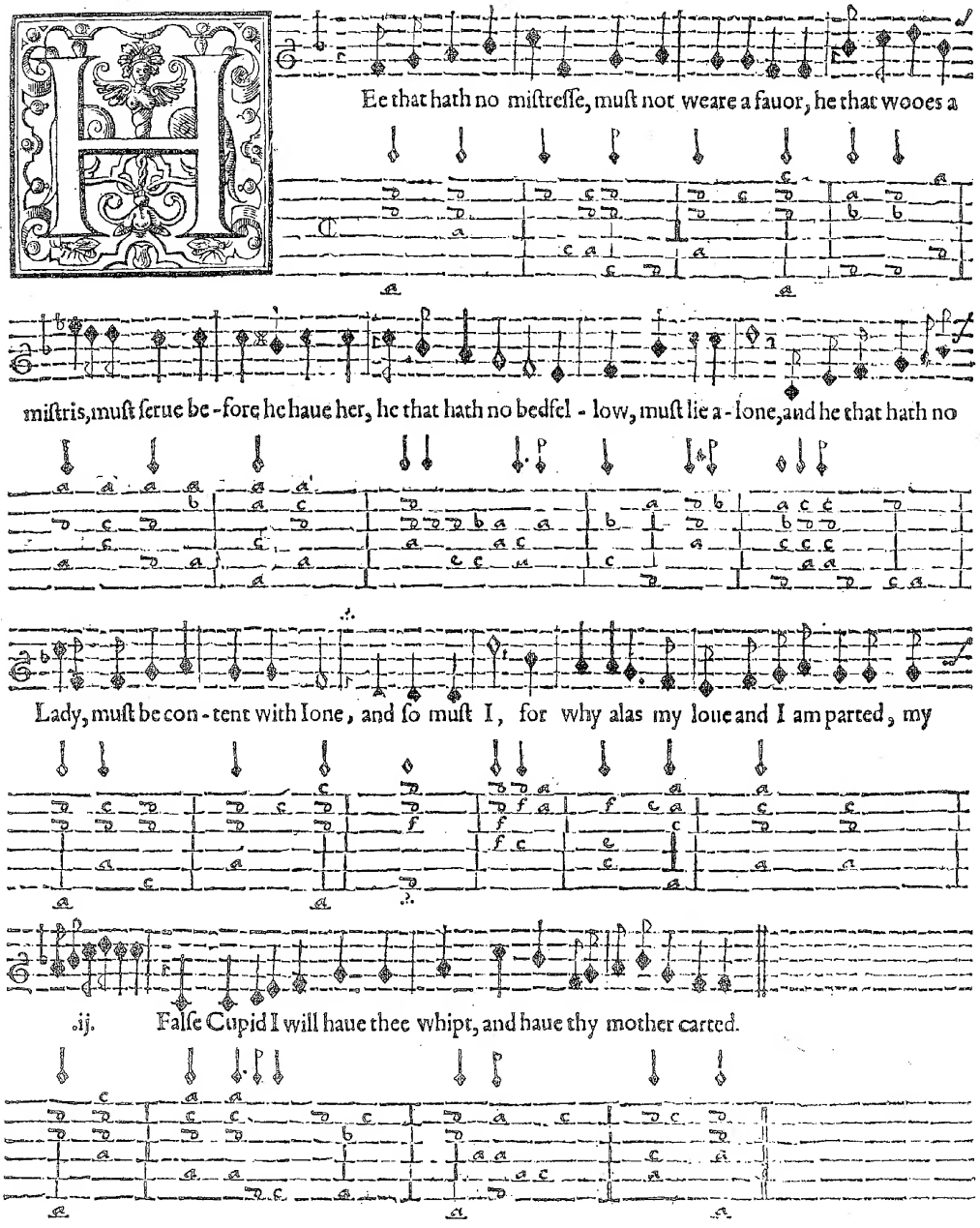
las you ouer beare me, And I would crie, And I would crie, And I would crie, .ij.

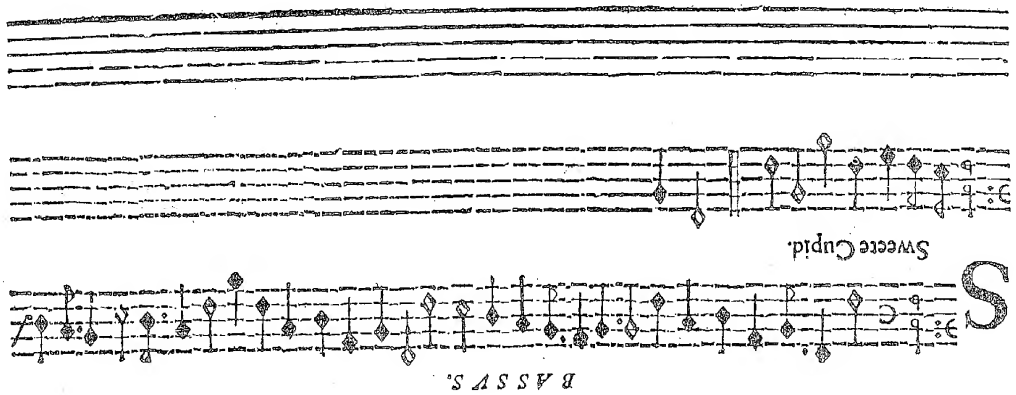
But ſome would heare I feare mee.



BASSVS.

CANTVS. VI.





CANTVS. VII.

Weete Cupid, ripen her de - fire, thy ioyfull harueſt may beginne,

if age ap - proch a lit - tle nyer, twill be too late, twill be too late, twill be too late to

get it in. If

1

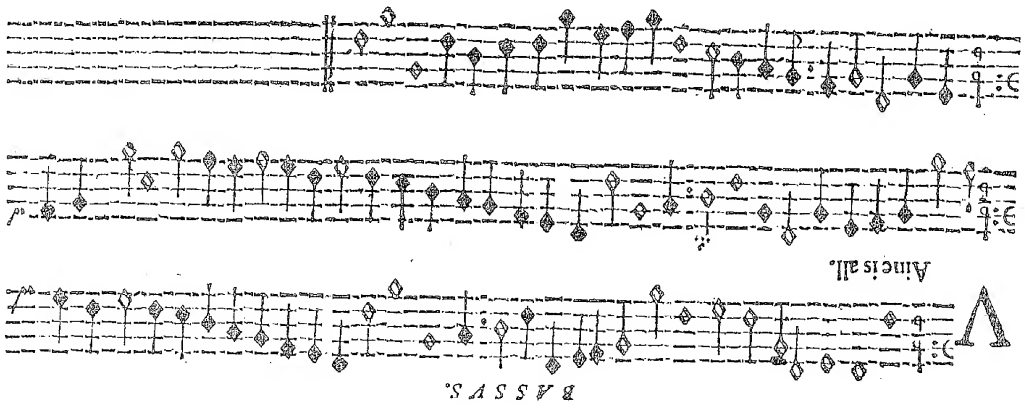
Sweete Cupid ripen her deſire,
Thy ioyfull harueſt may begin,
If age approch a little nyer,
Twill be too late too get it in.

2

Cold Winter ſtormes lay ſtanding Corne,
Which once too ripe will neuer riſe,
And louers wiſh themſelues vnborne,
When all their ioyes lie in their eyes.

3

Then ſweete let vs imbrace and kiſſe,
Shall beautie ſmile vpon the ground,
If age bereaue vs of this bliſſe,
Then will no more ſuch ſport be found.



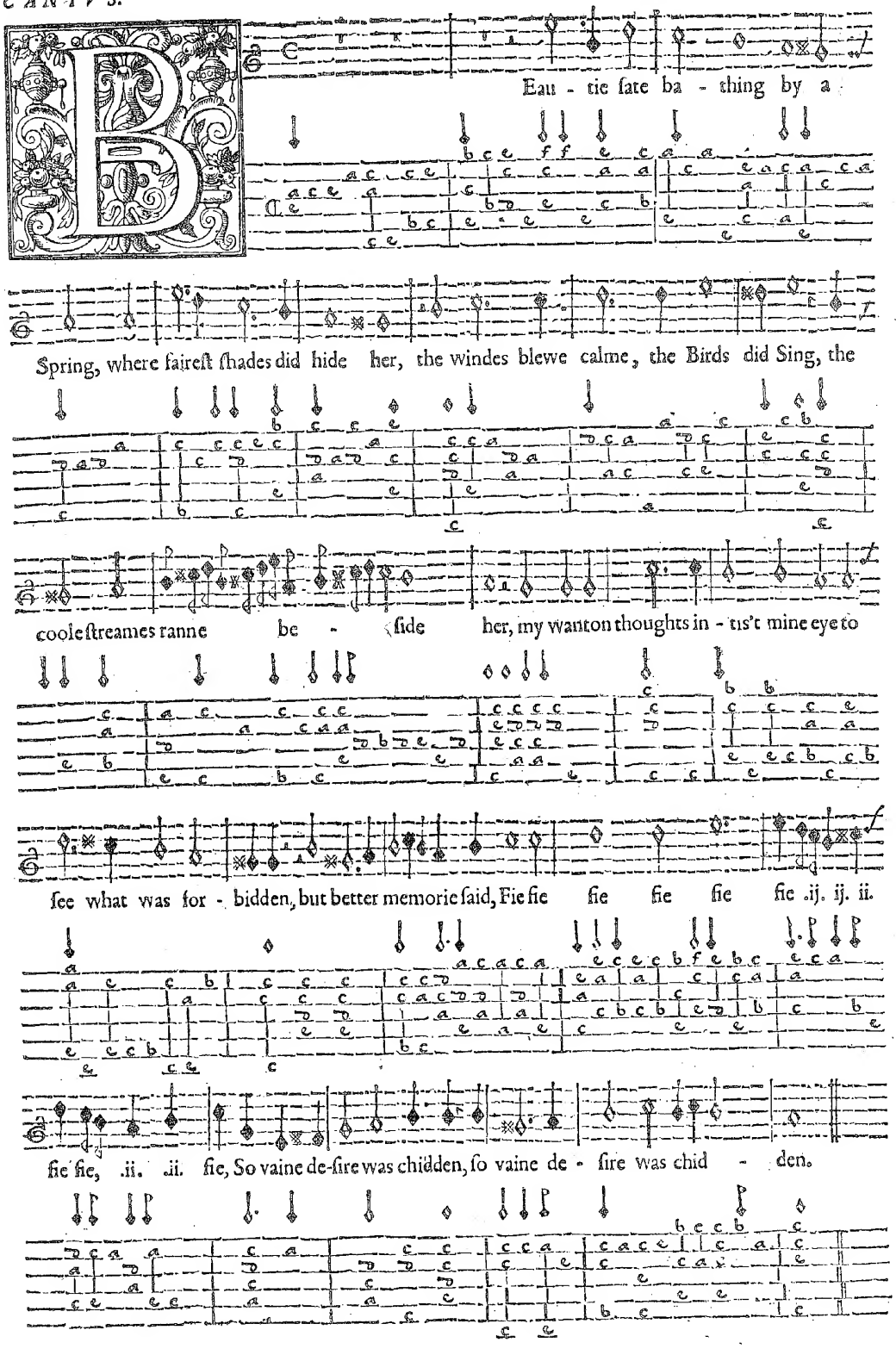
CANTVS. VIII.

Aine is all this worlds contention, Fortunes fraile, and

hopes de - cei - uing, Chance layes ambush of preuention, Our atempts of end bereuing,

fu - ture thing are plast beyond our weake concei-uing minds in euery age new,

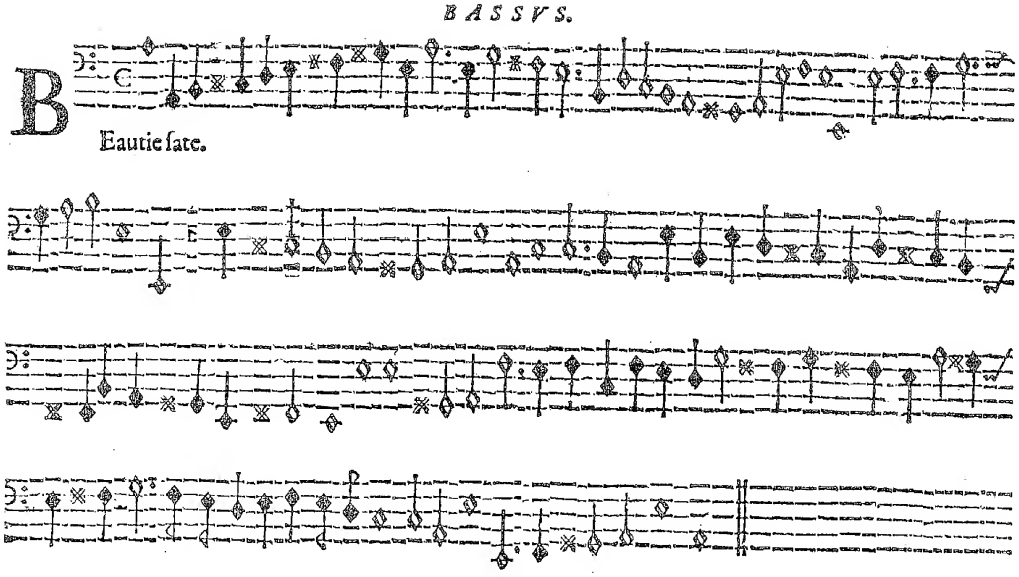
thoughts engender till all to fate wee render.



Into a ſlumber then I fell,
But fond imagination
Seem'd to ſee, but could not tell,
Her feature or her faſhion.

But euen as babes in dreames doe ſmile,
And ſometime fall a weeping:
So I awakt as wiſe the while,
As when I fell a ſleeping.

BASSVS.



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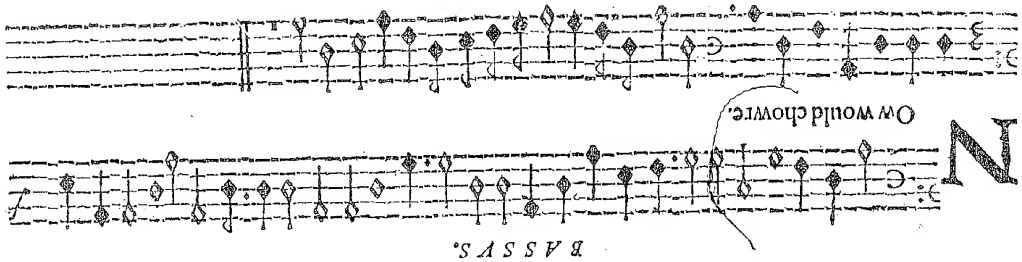
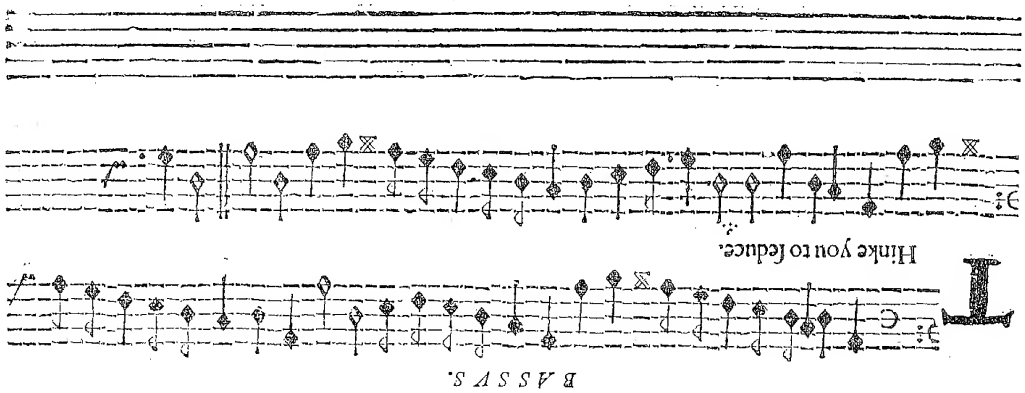


CANTVS. X.

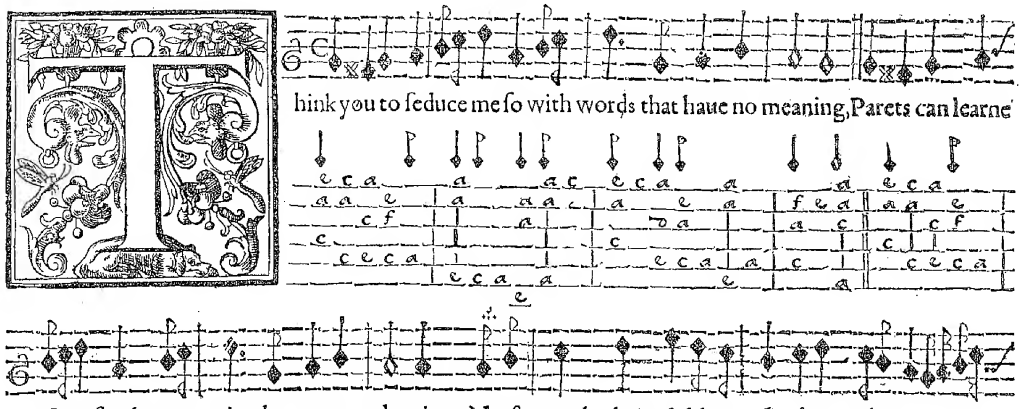
Ow would chwore hong'd, zis but thou moſt ma wrong, gods bors I crie God mercy to zweare, haſt not my Rings and things, and geare with vaith and troth, among and wout vorzake ma now, .ij. nay maſſe ware that, .ij. vor if thou doo, chil take a knife & honge my zelfe vor one of thow, yea I woll, ſo I woll, that I woll, I vaith la, .ij.

Hadds vooie zweete zis what aild tha woo ma now,
I cham as like to zarue thy turne,
As yer I wos zince thos I born', and ſha not I haue thow,
Lets zee who dare I chould but zee huds lid I zweare,
Chill take a zweard & make a yend of I or hee,
Yea I would, &c.

Ha not I bought my Kerzie wedding briche,
Hudds hate cham angrie thou makes ma vret,
And is not my bond redie zet, woold zarue ma zucha twich,
Chill breake his brow, I vaith, I chill that ſhall loue thou,
Then take a rop and drown thy zelf vor mere good will,
Yea I would, &c.



CANTVS. XI.



1

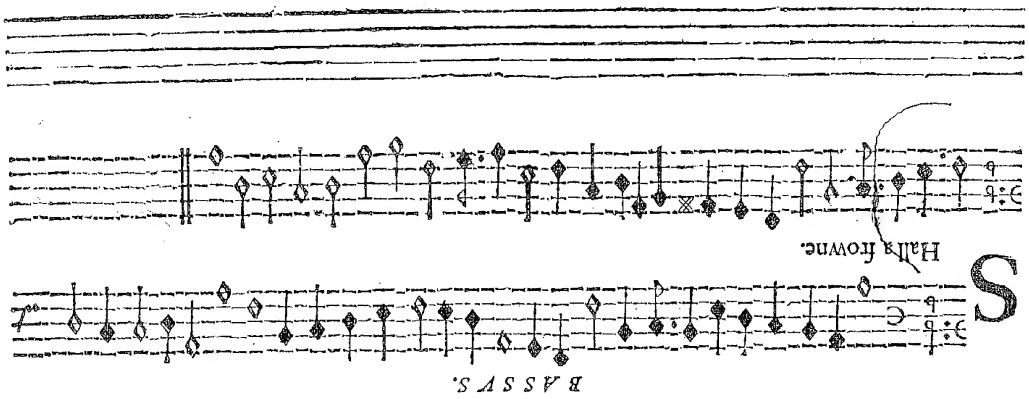
Thinke you to ſeduce me ſo with words that haue no meaning,
Parets can learne ſo to ſpeake our voice by peeces gleaning,
Nurſes teach their Children ſo about the time of weaning.

2

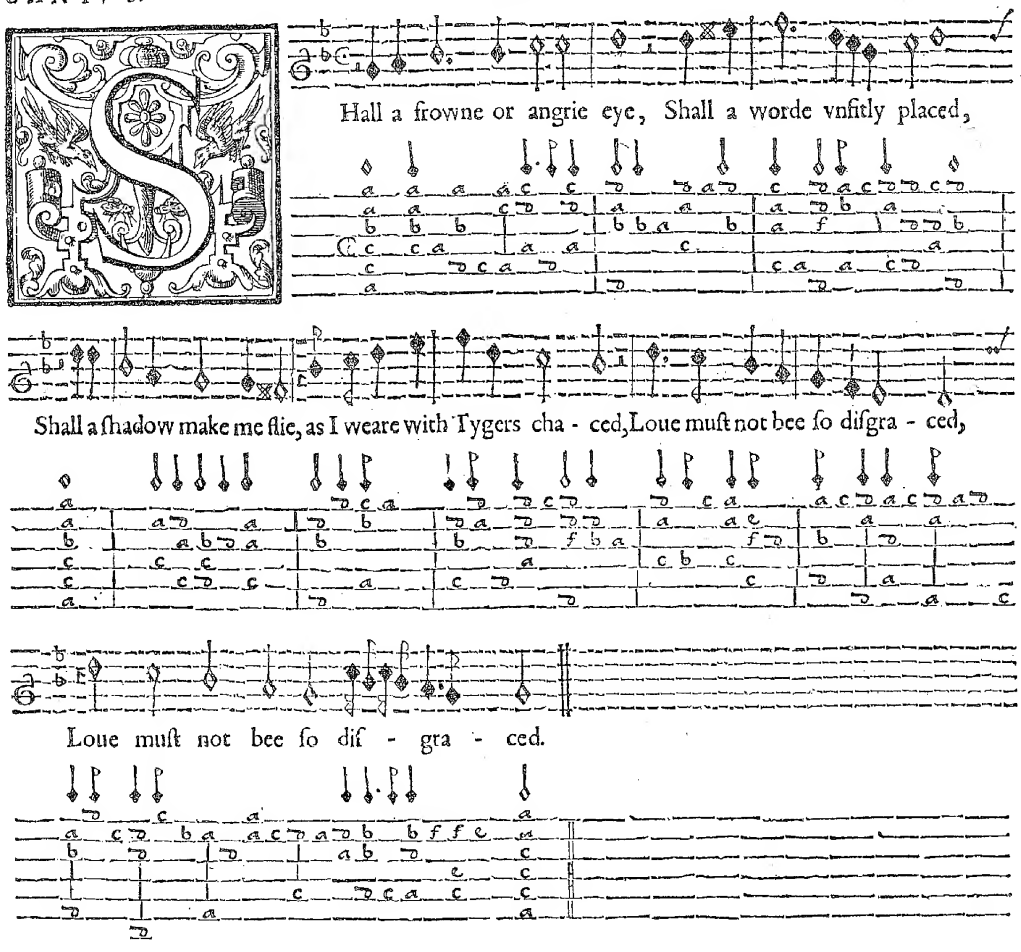
Learne to ſpeake firſt, then to woe, to woeing much pertaineth,
He that hath not Art to hide, ſoone falters when he faineth,
And as one that wants his wits, he ſmiles when he complaineth.

3

If with wit we be deceiued, our fals may be excuſed,
Seeming good with flatterie grac't, is but of few refuſed,
But of all accurſt are they that are by fooles abuſed.



CANTVS. XII.



1

Shall a frowne or angrie eye,
Shall a word vnfitly placed?
Shall a ſhadow make me flie,
As I were with Tygers chaced?
Loue muſt not be ſo diſgraced.

2

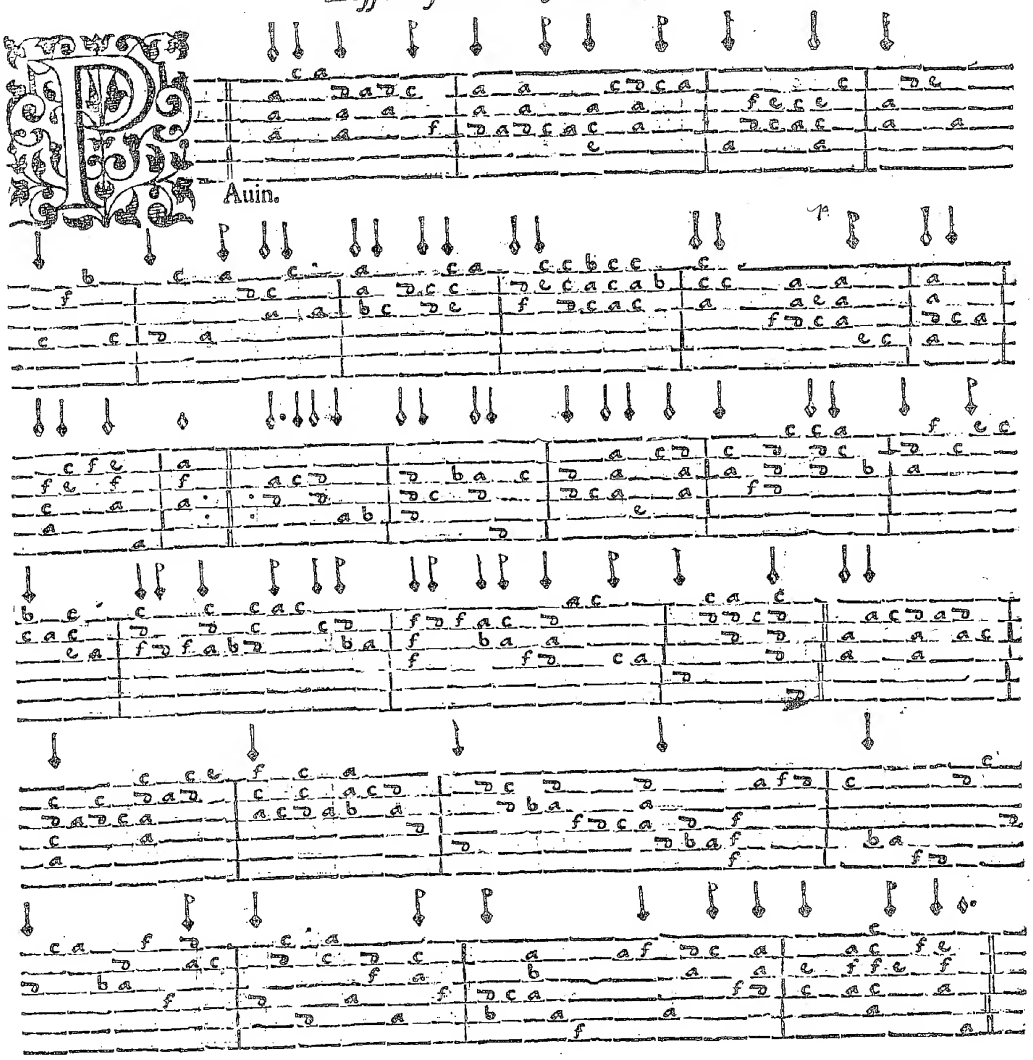
Shall I woe her in diſpight?
Shall I turne her from her flying?
Shall I tempt her with delight,
Shall I laugh out her denying?
Noe, beware of louers crying.

3

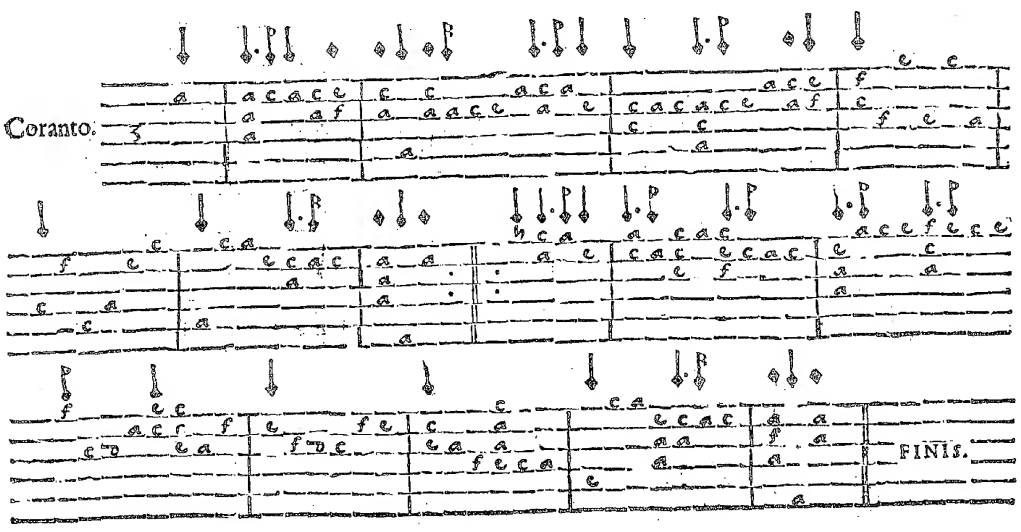
Shall I then with patient mind,
Still attend her wayward pleaſure,
Time will make her proue more kind,
Let her coyneſſe then take leaſure,
Paines are worthy ſuch a treaſure.

Almaine.

Auin.



Coranto.



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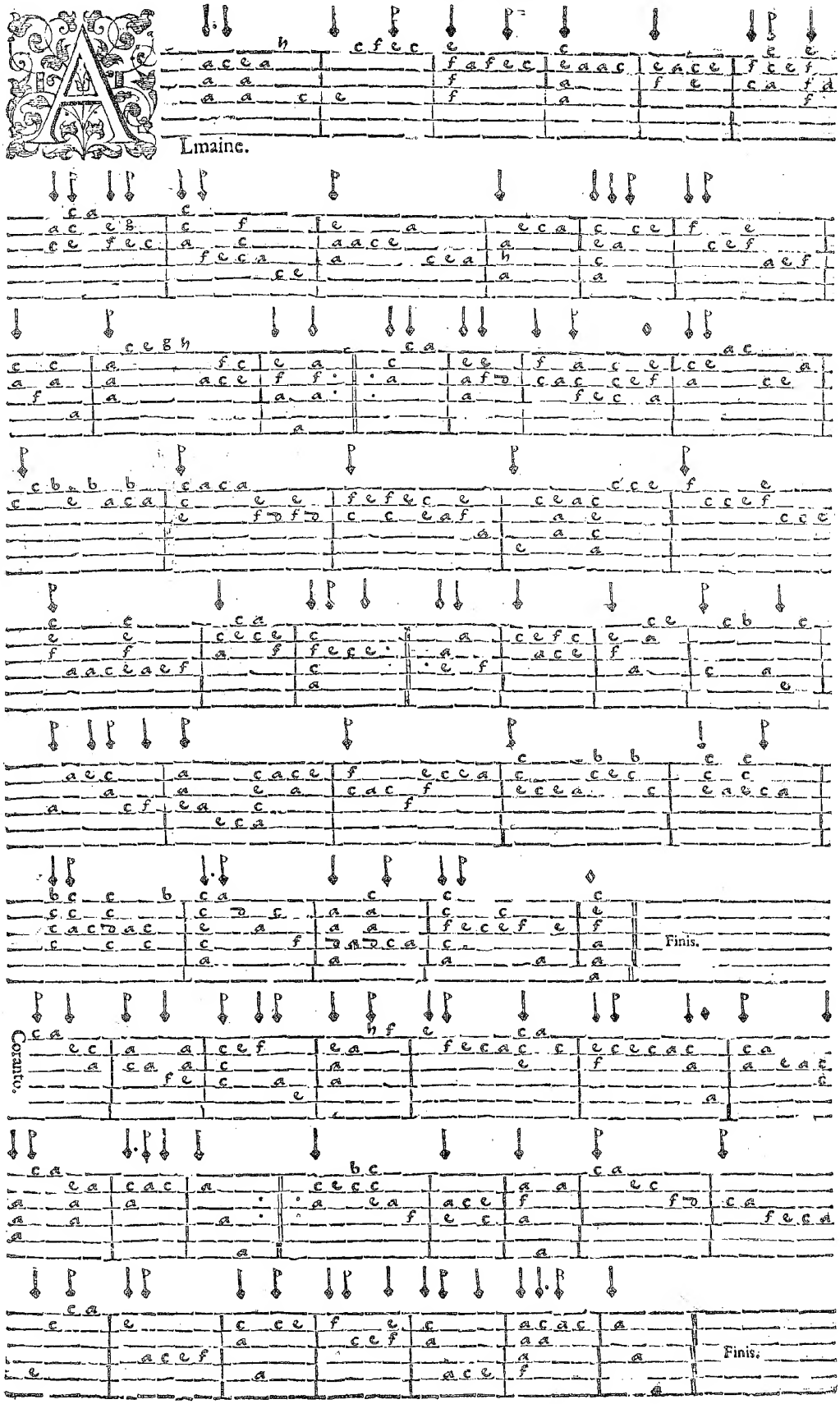
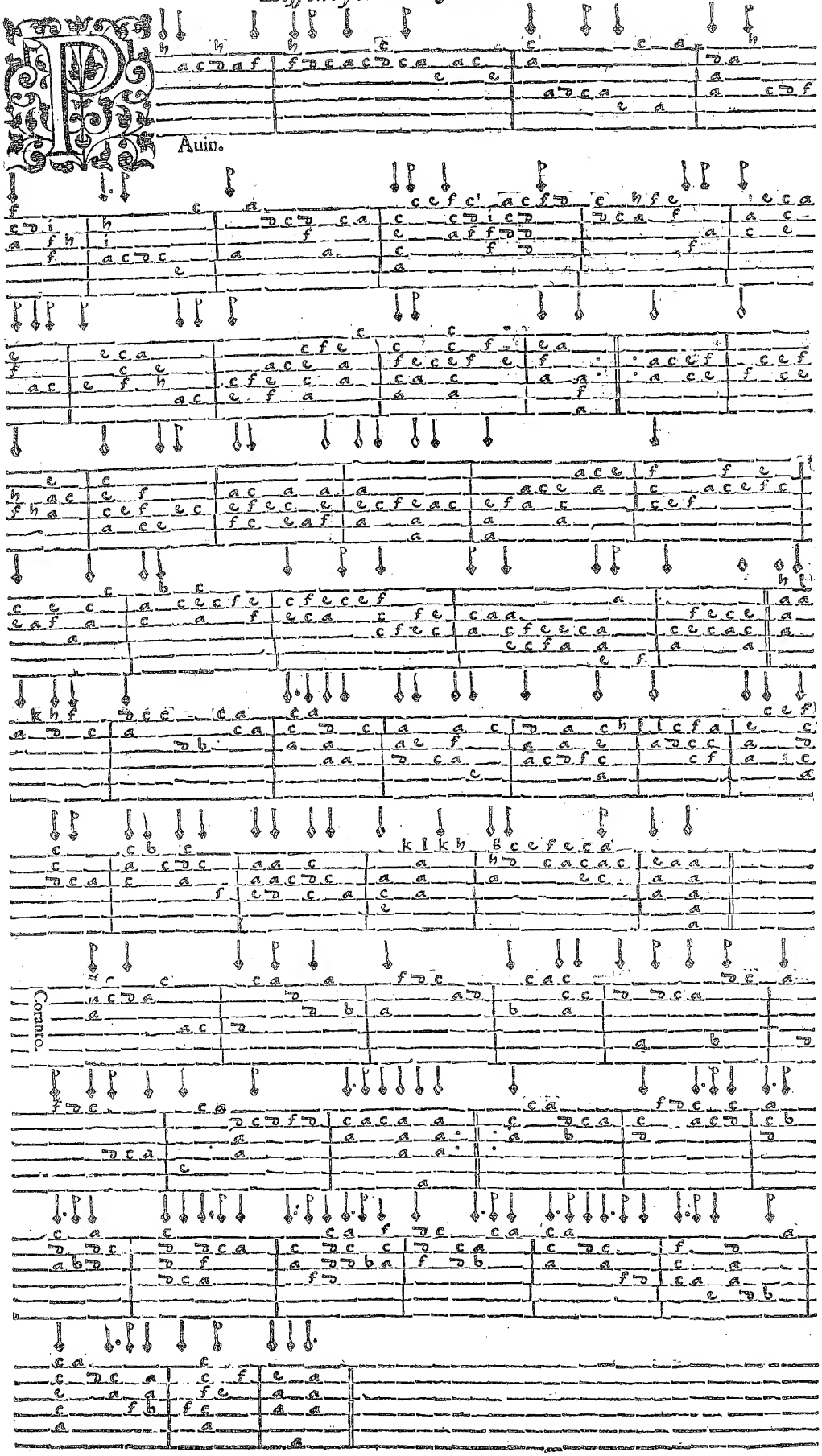
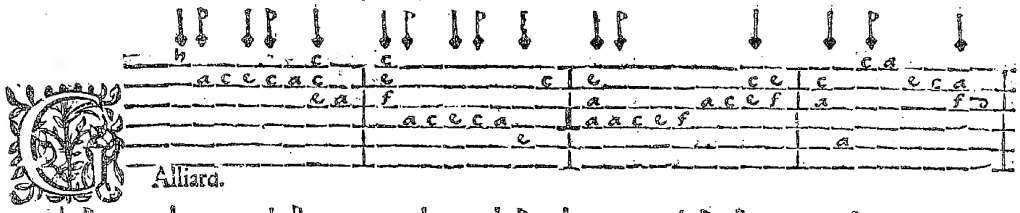
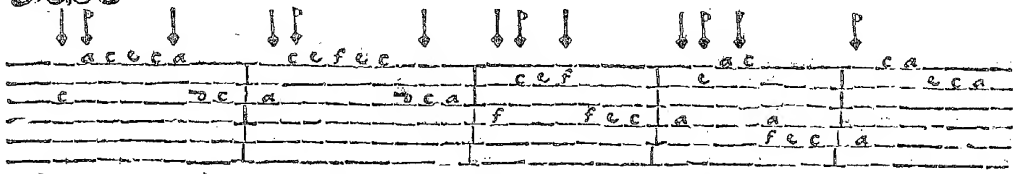
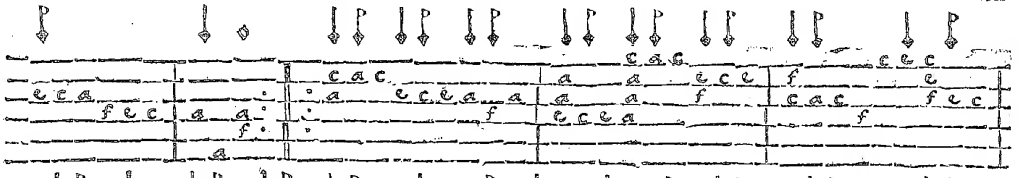

Almaine.
Finis.
Corranto.
Finis.

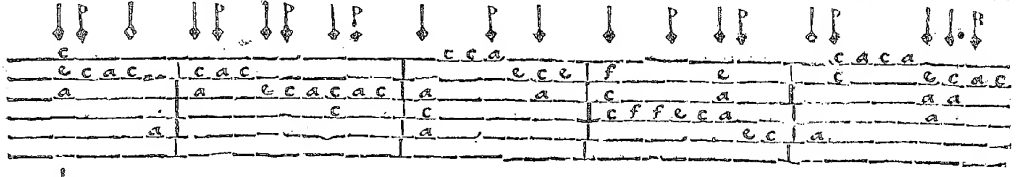

Auin.
Coranto.

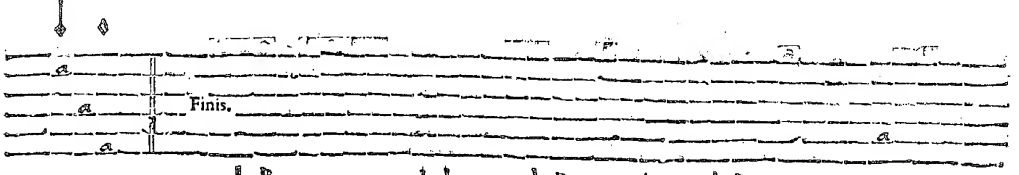


Alliard.









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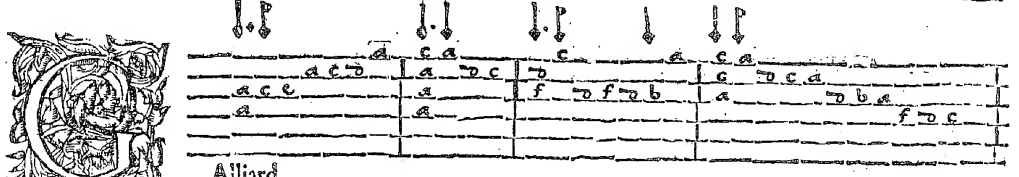
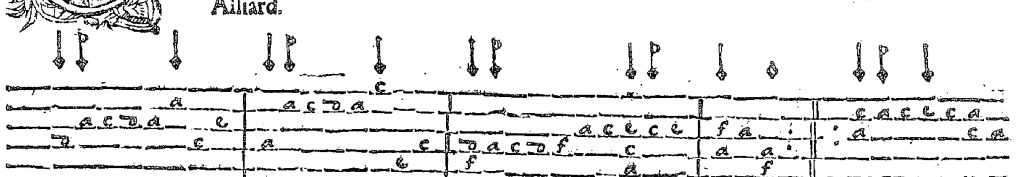
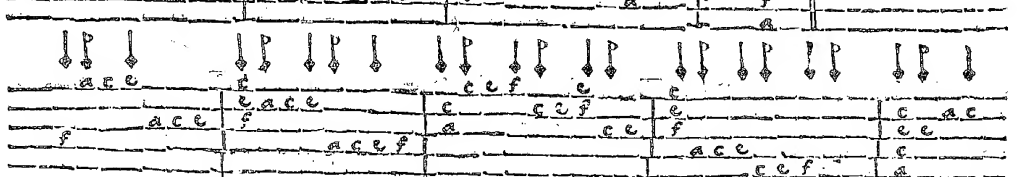
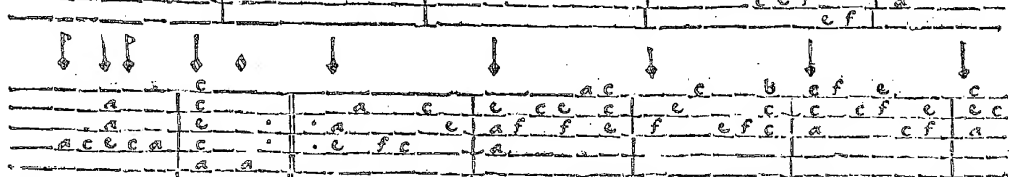


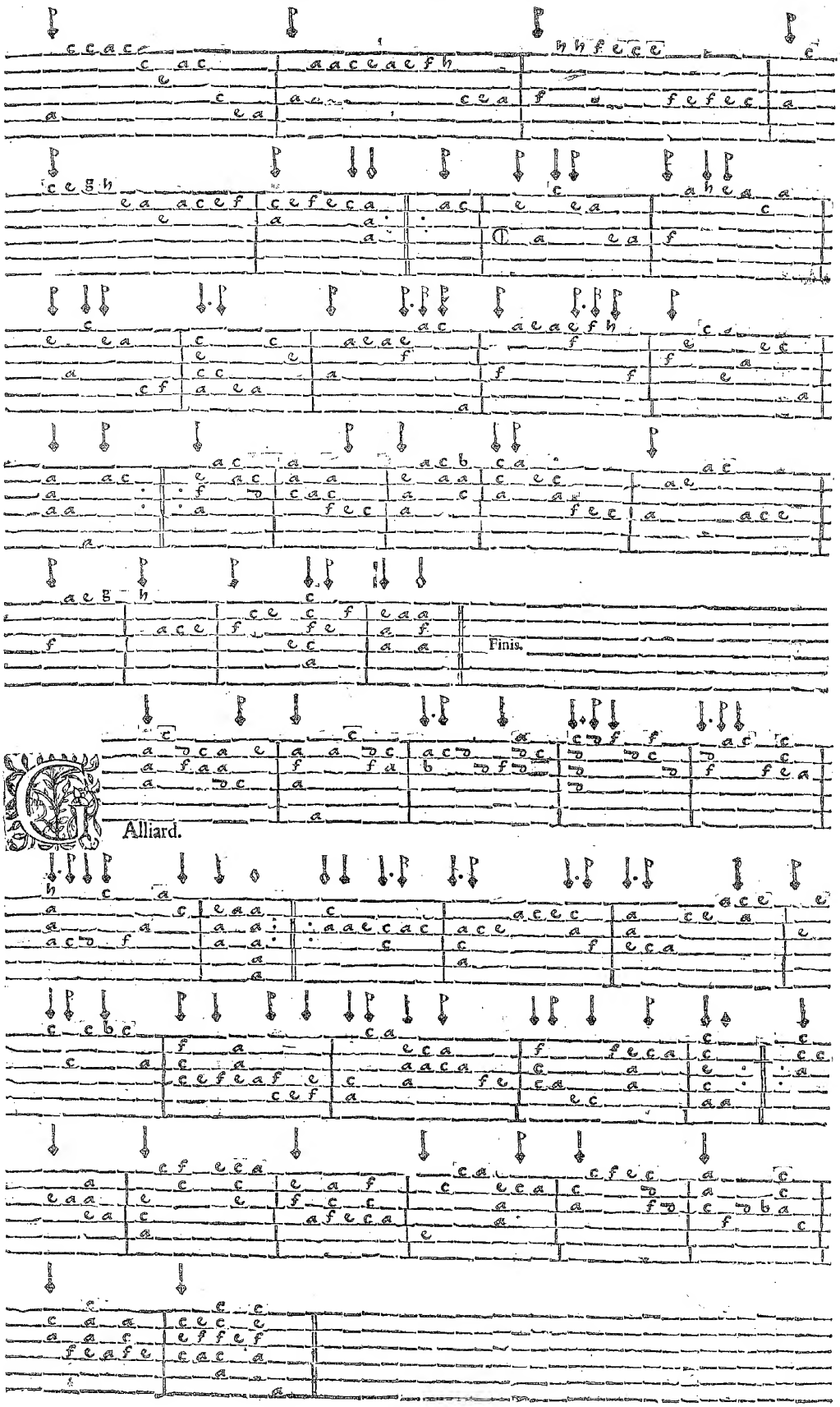
Alliard.

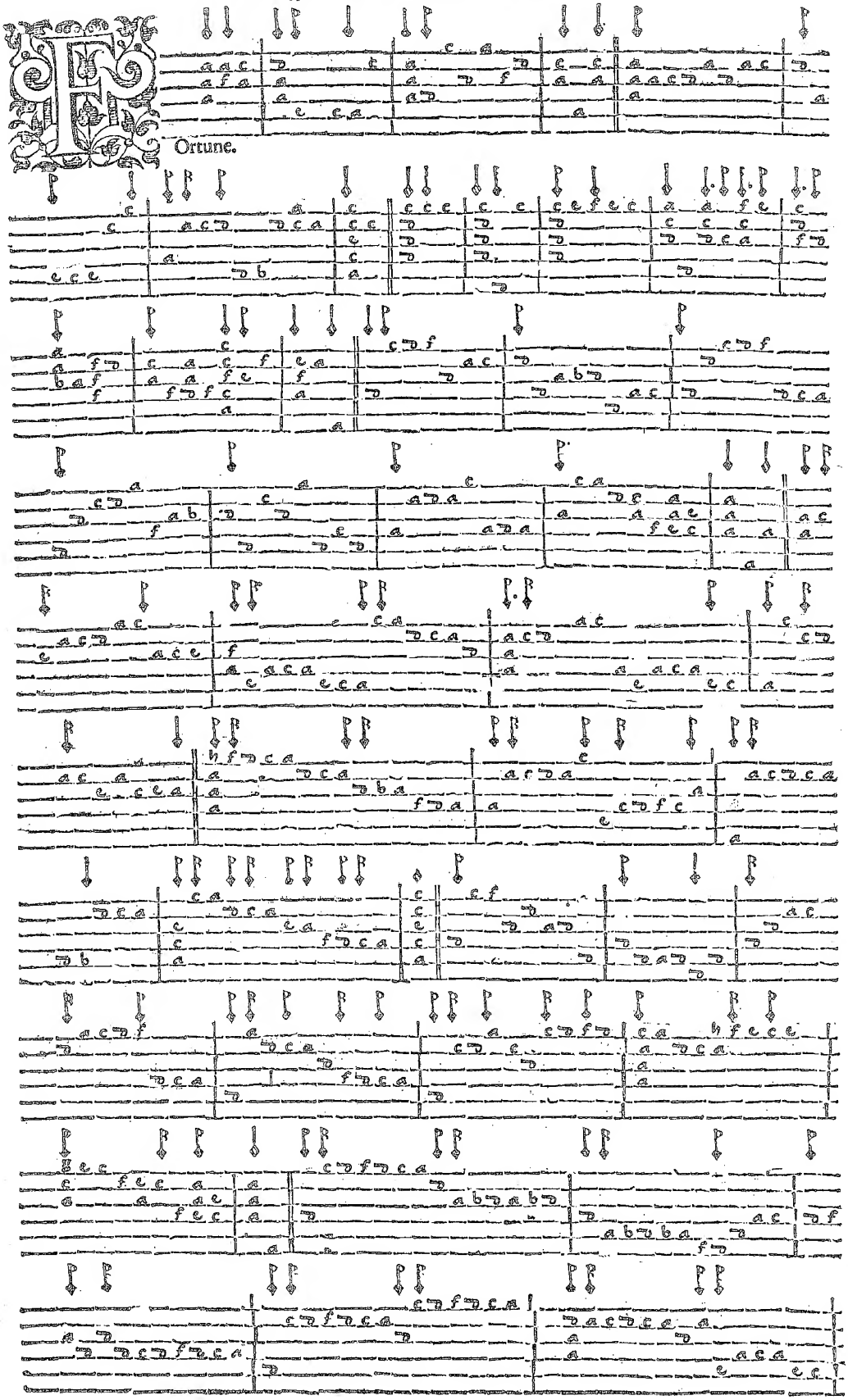


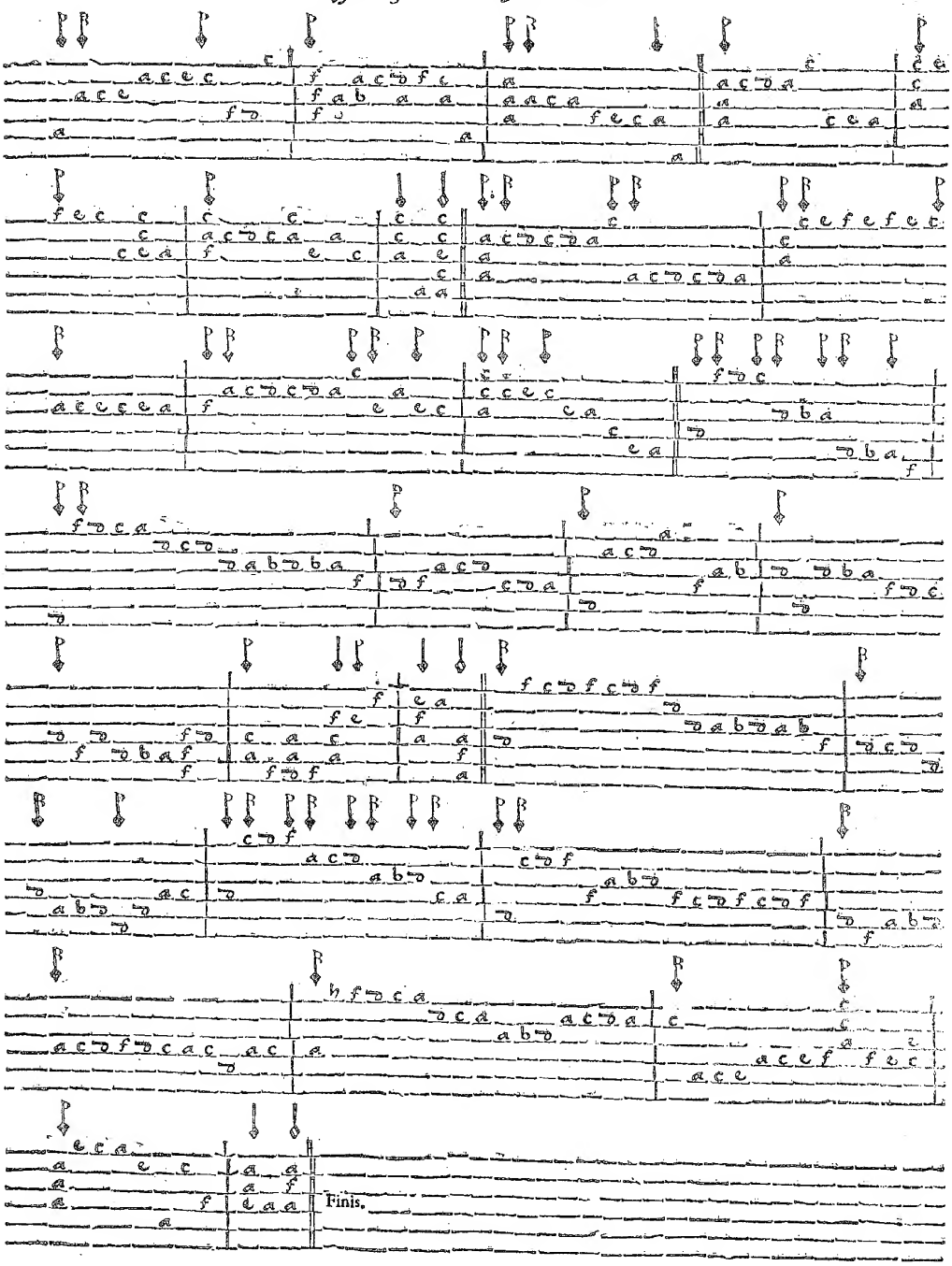




Hoope doe me no harme goodman.


Finis.
Alliard.


Ortune.



A Table of all the Songs contained in this Booke.

Sinke downe proude thoughts,
Some can flatter, ſome can faine,
Sweet reſtraine theſe, Showers of kindneſſe,
If ſtreames of teares, could leſſen extreame griefe,
Sweet ſweet let me goe,
He that hath no miſtreſſe,
Sweet Cupid ripen her deſire,
Vaine is all this worlds contention,
Beauty ſate bathing by a Spring,

1. Now would chowre hong'd, zis but thou moſt ma wrong. 10.
2. Thinke you to ſeduce me ſo with words. 11.
3. Shall a frowne or angry eye, 12.
4. Two Pauins,
5. Two Almanes,
6. Three Galliards,
7. Three Corantos,
8. Whoope doe me noe harme good-man.
9. Fortune.

FINIS.